

Aftermath

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Summary: What was our favorite Night Fury doing after the battle with the Green Death? Toothless's POV of the time following defeating the Queen and before Hiccup wakes up.

1. Chapter 1

****Toothless's POV****

The world around him was dark and cloudy. It was quite difficult to breath. He and his Hiccup had just managed to defeat the Green Death, which had been controlling a vast amount of the dragon population for as long as he could remember. He was almost positive she contained a bit of magic, which she used to keep the dragons from simply flying away and abandon their duty to bring her food. Or maybe her vast size was simply intimidating.

He could hear the surrounding Vikings coughing and spluttering as he encased Hiccup's limp body with his own. Against all odds Hiccup had survived, his Hiccup! He had suffered the loss of a leg and a few burns, but when he compared that to losing his life, he'd take the former. When the Queen had shot fire out in every direction in the hope of killing them, her flames had caught on the leather prosthetic tail fin; Hiccup had made it for him so that he could be airborne again. Neither of them had any control where they went. They were tumbling through the air with the Green Death right behind them. And when the Queen's enormous spiked tail came crashing towards them, he just couldn't avoid it. It was all Toothless could do just to stay in the air. He'd fallen plenty of times before of course, but Hiccup was just so frail, he didn't think he would come out looking too well after a fall from maybe two hundred feet. Then suddenly Hiccup's weight had left his back and he himself was somersaulting in the air. With all the energy he could muster, he flew after Hiccup's small form.

Toothless had just barely been able grab hold onto Hiccup's left leg.

He was so panicked he hadn't thought to retract his sharp teeth, but then, he thought he most likely wouldn't be able to get a good hold on his leg and he would have lost Hiccup's life to the burning flames. There was a sickening crunch as Hiccup's leg snapped off, twirling into the billowing flames. Just before the leg was fully amputated, he wrenched Hiccup into his stomach and wrapped his large scaly black wings around his human. They plummeted helplessly down to the ground. Without his wings to help slow them down, Toothless gave a fearful roar as the ashen little island came ever closer.

He had slammed into the ground with a shower of sparks that rained down on his body. The impact with the earth knocked the wind out of him. He lay there breathless, for who knows how long, trembling terribly. He shut his eyes and tightened his grip on Hiccup. Toothless could hear the people talking quietly. He didn't trust those people. They had forced Hiccup to battle to the death with a Monstrous Nightmare! All in order to become a real Viking. People like that couldn't be trusted. He trusted his Hiccup because he wasn't like the others; he was the only human being that didn't want to see him murdered. Hiccup was his best and only friend. And he would do whatever it took to protect him.

Too close. Those untrustworthy humans were coming too close. However, quite frankly, Toothless was too exhausted with the day's events to put up much of a fight. The most he could do was growl quietly. An immensely deep voice boomed across the smoky plain. He'd heard him before. He was the one he, Toothless, had tackled in the fighting arena. He would have killed him if it weren't for Hiccup. He had desperately asked him not to. The massive man was most likely Hiccup's father. The father, who had never cared for Hiccup, never listened to his thoughts, who given Hiccup a hellish childhood.

"HICCUP!" Stoick bellowed. "HICCUP!"

The fog cleared and he saw the vast man looking around desperately. Toothless gave a small moan, but that was all Stoick needed. He raced through the rubble towards the dragon. He fell to his knees next to the Night Fury.

"Hiccup," he muttered, "Oh, Hiccup. I'm- I'm so sorry Hiccup."

No. He was not quite satisfied with that. It angered him to think that Hiccup's father was only sorry now that he thought Hiccup was dead. But Hiccup wasn't dead. And as soon as Stoick said something worth hearing, then he would reveal Hiccup. He mumbled softly, as if clarifying that it wasn't good enough. An apology could go a long way. After all, Astrid had been almost savage to Hiccup. Hiccup didn't deserve that. So Toothless had made her pay. Out of clear desperation to get clear of the Night Fury, she had apologized, so he therefore rewarded her with the gift of a mind blowing ride. When Stoick gave an apology, that would be enough to heal part the emotional wound that had been cast over Hiccup for the past fourteen years, then would Stoick be able to see his son.

"Hiccup, I'm so sorry. I messed up. This-this is my entire fault" Stoick mumbled.

That's what Toothless was looking for! He unfurled his wings to reveal Hiccup looking as tiny as ever, held by Toothless's short

legs. Stoick gasped, rushed forward, and lifted Hiccup gingerly. He held Hiccup's chest to his ear and listened for the gentle beat of his heart.

'Odin, he's alive!" Stoick cried out, "You brought him back alive!"

There were cheers from the crowd and even, Toothless heard, happy sounds from the remaining dragons.

"Thank, you," Stoick said to Toothless, "Thank, you for saving my son."

Toothless was suddenly filled with happiness, as if fire were erupting inside him.

"Well, most of 'im at least," said a gruff voice Toothless hadn't heard walk up. That startled him.

"What do ye suggest we do Gobber?" asked Stoick.

"Well, not leave Hiccup here tha's for sure. He'll bleed ta death."

"Right. Firs' things firs'. We need ta get what's left of his leg wrapped up in bandages." Stoick seemed to come out of gentle mode and began directing out orders. As Stoick got up, Gobber asked, "Stoick, what abou' tha' dragon?"

Stoick looked to Toothless, who gave him a warning look. Just because he let the chief see his son didn't mean the dragon trusted him just yet. They locked eyes for a moment, then Stoick turned and said, "He's not under a death sentence. He saved Hiccup. Get the remaining ships ready."

"On it," said Gobber with a small smile.

"Gobber," Stoick said as an afterthought, "And tell those teens that they help too. They can, um, carry loads back with the beasts."

Toothless, still lying on the ground, evaluated his wounds. His head hurt, along with his entire body. He was extremely sore from falling three hundred feet to the ground. And when the smallest movements shot pain into his withers, he guessed he had dislocated his right wing, the one that had taken the full blow from the collision. He would to get that looked at. Assuming the healers back on Berk knew how to heal a dragon, when they were so accustomed to fixing human beings.

Toothless struggled to his feet and attempted to trot after Stoick and Hiccup. Trotting was too painful, so he slowed to quick walk. As he walked, he looked around him curiously at the working Vikings. A fair few were clearly trying not to attract his attention, but Toothless noticed them shoot furtive glances his way.

Once he reached Stoick, he was just taking Hiccup onto one of the few remaining ships.

"I want him cleaned up and bandaged immediately. Probably be better

to take him down to the lower decks. Less commotion. I want him in a quiet cabin." Stoick fired at a few men walking beside him who said simultaneously, "Yes, sir."

Stoick carefully handed Hiccup to the men, then turned to find himself being stared down by the Night Fury, whose eyes seemed to be twice as big as and just as unnerving as they stared unblinkingly at the chief with his head slightly tilted to one side.

"Oh, uh, hello," he said awkwardly. It was then that he noticed Toothless favoring his right wing. "You're hurt." It was merely a statement. He wasn't suggesting Toothless get immediate help. Toothless gave a noncommittal jerk of his head, saying Hiccup was more important, which hurt. He winced slightly, which didn't help his case much. He couldn't show weakness. He didn't want Stoick thinking he could hurt him because he thought Toothless was vulnerable.

"I'll get you medical help as soon as we're safely back on Berk," Stoick said shortly.

Toothless nodded. That was fine with him. He just wanted to see Hiccup. He tried to sidestep the chief, but found his way blocked. Toothless let out an odd spluttering indignant sound and looked up at Stoick in confusion, blinking. Stoick just crossed his massive arms. Toothless tried again to get past Stoick, this time by trying to shove him aside, which had no effect on the massive man whatsoever. Stoick just pushed him firmly back. Toothless's body wiggled in frustration and he let out a huff of hot air.

"You are going to have to wait until everything's in order and we set sail. Plus," he added grimly, "I don't think my men, would want a fragile little dragon to see somethin' so gruesome. I don't want you down there now. You are going to stay up here until he's bandaged, understand?" His tone said he wasn't going to listen to any sounds of protest Toothless made. The most the dragon could do was glare at the chief, because at that moment Astrid came jogging towards Stoick and he turned his attention to the teen.

"Astrid."

"Where's Hiccup?" asked Astrid, not even slightly out of breath from what seemed like a half mile run.

"He's down below."

"Can I see him?" Astrid asked.

"No," Stoick said gruffly. Astrid shifted her weight impatiently. "You get the same answer as the dragon," He nodded at Toothless, who glared back, "Once we're set an' ready ta go, then you can see 'im. Assuming he's already bandaged."

Astrid obviously didn't like the arrangement, but she didn't question the chief as she said, "Yes, sir."

Toothless glanced at Astrid. She looked the same as she always did. Hair braided down her back, carelessly wiping her bangs from her face. She had her shoulder armor over her bluish-grey striped shirt, with her spiked skirt, black leggings and grey fur boots. The only difference was that she didn't have her axe, which she presumably

carried everywhere.

"You've packed the," He hesitated ever so slightly before he said _dragons_, as he was still getting used to the thought, "dragons with supplies?"

"Yes, sir. They are almost ready to leave sir. I think the Vikings are using them to lift some things into the three remaining boats," Astrid replied.

"Good." Stoick looked over at the people hauling things into boats, and then looked down at Toothless, who was trying to edge his way past Stoick without the chief noticing. Odin, he didn't have time for this! He had to go talk to Spitelout about the arrangements when they arrived back at Berk, not deal with an overly-protective lizard. "Astrid, will you watch that dragon to keep him from going down below? I have to talk to Spitelout and Gobber," said Stoick, already walking towards the Vikings.

"Yes sir," said Astrid, turning to Toothless.

"Make sure he stays there!" Stoick barked over his shoulder.

Toothless suddenly sat back on his haunches and twitched his ears, silently observing Astrid. She laughed and looked up at him.

"You were pretty good today, Toothless. Defeating the Green Death, saving Hiccup and all."

Toothless flashed his famous Toothless grin, which made her smile. She stepped forward and scratched Toothless on his snout. After fighting with a Nightmare, his being held hostage by the humans, being trapped under water for five minutes, battling the Green Death and saving Hiccup, that simple scratch felt pretty good.

****A/N:****

****First multi-chapter story. Wow, fantastic baby. I'll try to update as much as I can, but this thing probably won't be that long. Five chapters at most. I update faster when you people review, so please do that. I would appreciate it.****

****My beta is my older sister Hatsu Yukiya, who's writing a HTTYD/Tangled crossover with her friend that she NEVER UPDATES and it is making me frustrated with her. You guys should go read it, review it, and mentally influence her to update it because seriously.****

****Now, enough of that boococky. Review, goddammit.****

â€|please. ****

2. Chapter 2

****A/N****

****So, yay! Second chapter is up! Enjoy...****

****XxX****

"Well, have at it." Stoick's words seemed to echo in Toothless's ears. He bounded to his feet, nearly knocking over Astrid. The Vikings around them were hauling themselves into the three remaining boats. The others were being helped up onto dragons by the teens who already knew how to fly them. Once seated securely onto a dragon, the Vikings faced their partners beside them, all of whom looked, for once, terrified and extremely awkward. The young Viking teens seemed to be having a fair bit of amount of fun explaining just how to handle a dragon, particularly the blonde-haired twins.

Stoick didn't smile as he led Toothless and Astrid over to a large wooden door. Toothless was very anxious about seeing Hiccup. What had the healers done to treat Hiccup? Would he still be unconscious? Most likely. Anyone who just went through what Hiccup just had weren't likely to come back to a world full of pain too soon. He leaped ungracefully down onto the floor below and ran, ignoring his wing, down the wooden hallway over to the next door. Why are there so many bloody doors? He had half a mind to simply blast it out of his way, however that would result in the entire ship catching fire and then where would they be? So he waited most impatiently for Astrid and Stoick to catch up. Toothless could tell Astrid was refraining herself from running, probably wanted to look dignified or mature in front of the chief.

Stoick opened the door while staring at Toothless, as if he thought Toothless would hurt his son. As if! Toothless gave a huff and trotted through the door, staring right back at the chief. Ahead of them, Toothless saw a yet another hallway, however, in this one there were about four or five doors, all of which were slightly open, with the exception of one about two doors to the left. They all walked quickly to the door. Stoick knocked, while Toothless scratched wildly at the bottom of the door. A portly man with blonde hair and matching beard answered it with a hassled look on his face.

"Oh Stoick, you're here," said the man.

"Where is he?" Stoick replied, his face pale.

"In here," The Viking said grimly, with a gesture of his hands.

It was then that Toothless noticed that the man's hands were covered in blood. Fear shot through him. What were they doing? Toothless's pain suddenly vanished as he shoved the Viking away and rushed inside. The cabin was roomy, with a few cabinets along the wall. Chairs were pushed roughly around the perimeter of the room. A few men and one woman were standing by a single bed in the middle of the room. On that single bed lay the tiny form of Hiccup. Blood pounding in his head, Toothless barely heard the astonished gasps of the surrounding Vikings and almost missed the first blonde Viking say uncertainly in a low voice, "Is he safe?"

"Yes." It wasn't Stoick who answered, but Astrid.

Toothless bounded over to the bed and stared down at Hiccup. His face was remarkably white under his shock of auburn hair. Hiccup's face sported several burns and scratches. His clothes were torn in several places. Then, where Hiccup's lower left leg should have been, was a

round stump, and thickly covered in cottony white bandages. Was Hiccup breathing? Alarm coursed through Toothless at the thought. He had to be breathing. Someone would have told Stoick, and Toothless would have heard. If Hiccup was dead...No he couldn't think that way. Toothless simply had to use his head and check to see if Hiccup was breathing.

Toothless lowered his head and awkwardly positioned it as lightly as he could onto Hiccup's chest. Silently he listened for the beat of Hiccup's heart. There he heard it. Faintly, Toothless could hear the slow beat of Hiccup's heart. It was beating very slowly. Toothless sat up straight again and let out a slow shaky sigh of relief. Suddenly, Toothless felt a warm pat on his shoulder. Startled, he looked around. Toothless hadn't noticed the others gather around him. To his left, Toothless saw Astrid, staring at Hiccup with unusually soft eyes. Her hands were trembling slightly. On his other side, Stoick was looking at his son with a hard look in his eyes, as though trying to rid a terrible thought. His muscular arms were crossed tightly.

There was a few minutes painful silence, as everyone watched Hiccup. Toothless became aware of heavy feet thudding above their heads. It was immensely annoying. Then he heard another pair of feet, hurrying towards them, much closer. The door opened and in stepped another nameless Viking.

"Stoick, we are set and ready to go, when you are."

"Thank you, Port."

"Uh, Stoick, can we stay here?" asked Astrid. Well, that was an easy one. There was no way Toothless was leaving Hiccup. No matter what the savages tried to make him do, he would not leave this room. Toothless would be there for Hiccup no matter what.

"Personally, I think he needs some quiet with the healers," piped up the female Viking.

"Yeah, that'll be fun, trying to get that dragon out of here," said some different Viking standing next to the woman.

Toothless whipped around and glared with his eyes narrowed at the woman.

"We can't stay? But I want to stay. I'm staying," said Astrid, stepping up next to Toothless.

"I'll leave this for the healers to decide," answered Stoick.

The healers talked quietly for a minute. Toothless's eyes never left the woman, who seemed to be trying to get Toothless to have to leave. A few did throw glances his way, but Toothless didn't trust that woman. Finally they all nodded and broke apart. The woman looked smug. Toothless stared at each and every one of them. The hard faced woman sidled over to Toothless as the rest watched. Toothless growled quietly. The woman stood in front of him and said to him in a painfully, annoyingly slow voice, in a mocking baby voice, as though she thought he couldn't understand her perfectly well,

"You. Have. To. Go. Now. Dragon. You. Are. Not. Welcome. Here. At

the. Present. Time."

Well he certainly didn't want it to have to come to this. He flattened his ears, and with all the force Toothless could use, he roared as loud as he could, right into the obnoxious woman's face. The hot wind blew back her hair. His mouth was open so wide, that if Toothless moved forward a few paces, he could swallow her entire head.

Toothless stopped abruptly. He satisfied himself for a moment to enjoy her look of terror on her face. He spun back around and after nudging Astrid's hand softly, Toothless planted himself firmly on the floor facing Hiccup. His ears were still pressed to his head and his face for a touch-me-and-I-will-bite-your-hand-off expression. There was nothing but a stunned silence as Toothless's scream rung through the air. Even the upper decks seemed to have become silent.

After a few minutes, the blonde haired healer said hoarsely, "Well, I guess that settles it then. The dragon is staying."

The silence broke as if someone had snapped it in half. Toothless could hear the woman stagger a few steps then pushed through the door. Toothless looked back just in time to see her very red face stalk out of sight. Every eye was on Toothless. He smirked, now quite pleased with himself.

"Right, then. We set sail in a few minutes time," came Stoick's gruff voice. Stoick left the room next with a few of the healers, all of which were chuckling. Soon only Astrid and Toothless remained alone with Hiccup. Astrid dragged over a chair and then plopped herself down into it. No one made a sound as they observed Hiccup. The dull footsteps from above growing louder again and suddenly the ship lurched forward and began to set sail. In a day's time they would be back on Berk, where Hiccup would be safe, and maybe, possibly there could be peace among them.

A/N:

**Second chapter is completed! I hope you liked it! Anyway, I wasn't even on planning on having Toothless make an enemy, it just sort of happened. There I was, just writing away, and then I look down and I see that Toothless isn't exactly simpatico with the dear lady. And I really wanted to incorporate some humor in there, so that's where Toothless's roar came in. So like always, please review, and ideas are also welcome. Yay! **

3. Chapter 3

The ship bumped into land. Toothless looked up, coming out of his stupor. They had been at sail for nearly three days, and quite frankly, Toothless had never been happier to see solid, non-rocking hard packed earth. Astrid seemed ready to be rid of the boat as well. Not once had they left Hiccup's side.

Stoick entered the room with Gobber, Spitelout, and a few other crew mates. Astrid immediately got shakily to her feet. Toothless too got to his paws and stretched his extremely stiff legs. Gobber limped forward and gently lifted Hiccup from the table. Toothless bounded out of the room after the men, painfully aware of his right wing.

Once the men with Hiccup, Astrid, and himself reached the final door, they all hesitated. Spitelout pushed open the door and they were met with a dazzling burst of sunlight. Toothless blinked and looked away. He hadn't seen any sun, anything from the outside world for three days. As they stepped onto the main deck, the other Vikings swarmed around them. Toothless growled at a few who brushed up against him, and shoved his way back to Hiccup's side. They continued down the dock and onto the wonderfully hard warm ground.

Toothless leapt pleasantly from the dock and bounded forward a few paces, letting the sun warm his back. He spun back around and ran back to Stoick and Gobber, sniffing Astrid's arm on the way.

"Where're we takin' him Stoick?" asked Gobber.

"My house."

So they steadily walked through the village of Berk. Progress was slow because the Vikings that had stayed behind on Berk had walked up to them, asking questions nonstop. The people had given Toothless a wide berth, utterly confused at why there was the most feared-recently captured dragon walking peacefully at the side of the Chief and the unconscious outcast.

"What happened?"

"So you found the nest?"

"What'd the beasts do?"

"Gods, what's happened to Hiccup?"

They passed the arena; where the Vikings had encaged the dragons, and made Hiccup fight a Nightmare. Toothless huffed at all the bad memories connected to that place. They moved through the village towards the large house on top of a hill. Toothless hadn't even noticed it when Hiccup had brought him here in the dead of night to fix his riding harness. As they neared the hillside, Stoick boomed out, louder than every Viking put together.

"Quiet!" The noise stopped abruptly. "Gobber, take him inside. I'd suggest putting his bed on the main floor, makes it easier. We'll make arrangements for his leg once I've got this place running again."

"Got it."

"Dragon," Toothless turned at the Chief's name for him, "Stay. We need to sort things out with you."

Toothless shivered. What did he mean, sort things out? Did he mean with the Vikings?

"Everyone, I want everybody on Berk to have a meeting in Mead Hall, immediately."

The people nodded and made their ascent towards the looming building of the Mead Hall. A few moved in opposite directions, to gather others from their houses, and give them the message. Stoick set off

for the great building, with Toothless at his heels. Astrid wandered beside him, unsure of whether she should be there or not.

Stoick pushed open the enormous double doors. Toothless couldn't help but notice that the Chief gave a slight shudder as he stepped in. The huge room was cold and dark. Stoick and Astrid walked around the room, lighting lamps. Once they were finished, Astrid walked over and laid a hand on Toothless's head. After a few moments of silence, the others started to file through the doors, hardly speaking.

After everybody was settled Stoick called out, "Alright everyone, listen up. Dragons are to be staying with us in Berk from now on."

There was uproar. People cried, "Surely not!"

"Are you serious?"

"After everything we've been through with the animals?"

People glared at Toothless next to Stoick.

"Quiet! I've got good reason for letting them stay. No one can convince me otherwise. Their staying. Also, as you all know, Hiccup was made an outcast. That shall be revoked."

"But Chief Stoick, why?" Asked a short man with a very long wavy beard.

"I'll tell you everything. Before we set sail for the Dragon's Nest, Hiccup told me something. He said we couldn't win that war. He said there was a monster living in the island and we had to stay. Well I didn't listen. I made all of those Vikings accompany me to their island. We destroyed the Nest, but we were not prepared to take on a beast bigger than Berk itself. Hiccup was right! We weren't winning. However, we were saved by the boy we made an outcast. He wasn't the only one. He was with others. I believe he was with Astrid Hofferson," All eyes swiveled to Astrid, "Fishlegs Ingerman, the Thorsten twins, and Snotlout Jorgenson."

"But how did they get there?" asked a blonde woman.

"They flew. On the dragons we held captive in the Ring."

There were gasps all around the room. At that moment, Gobber entered the building.

"That monster was unlike anything we had ever seen before. Teeth bigger than myself, a body a thousand feet above the ground. We needed help. Luckily they were able to hold her off for a couple minutes. Hiccup has been training and riding this Night Fury. When he told us all he had shot down a Night Fury on the last dragon raid, he had been right. This dragon is missing a tail fin, that's why he couldn't fly away. Hiccup is smarter than everyone thinks. He made his dragon a new tail fin. Neither can fly without the other. They are a pair. If the Vikings hadn't had Hiccup and the dragon, we would all be dead. My boy has shown bravery beyond any courageous man, I've ever seen. He and the dragon took on the huge dragon single handedly. Together, they defeated the fiend. The demon exploded. The dragon's artificial tail caught fire, and was obliterated. I don't believe

they could control what where they were going, and they crashed. Hiccup lost a leg in the process. Hiccup has shown me that dragons aren't all evil. They were only raiding us because they had to bring enough food back for the devil. If they didn't, Hiccup told me the dragons themselves would be eaten. We now have no reason to fight dragons. They will live among us, with peace and serenity."

Stoick finished his speech and said nothing for a few moments, to let his words sink in. The Vikings who were staring daggers at him not ten minutes ago were now giving Toothless looks of awe.

"Anyone disagree?"

By the looks of all the people in the room, everybody disagreed, however they weren't likely to say their REAL thoughts that were going on in their minds.

"Good."

A/N:

I apologize for the long wait; I know there is no real due date here, but whatever. I hope you enjoyed this chapter, I know, not too action packed, but again-whatever. I just need the moral support from you guys in your review saying how much you liked it and just can't get enough of my obvious charm and wit. *_Viele danke! Gracias! Xie xie! *_**Kiitos! Asante!*_

4. Chapter 4

The meeting broke up, with Stoick shouting orders. People were busying themselves, healers seeing to the wounded, organizing their mangled supplies that were left from the Queen's attack, or just awkwardly standing next to the dragons they once fought.

Toothless was confused; he didn't know what to do next. He glanced around and saw Stoick striding towards him with a grim expression fixed on his face.

"I've just, er, gotten reports on Hiccup; we'll see him later, now it's time for someone to see to you." Stoick started to walk away. Toothless followed, his right wing throbbing agonizingly. Stoick led him into the heart of the village where a group of people were gathered around a large man with only half his limbs. He had a long blonde braided mustache and a large underbite. Toothless recognized him immediately. He was at the nest, helping to distract the Queen before him and Hiccup had come. He was also on the ship with him back to Berk.

"Gobber, the dragon is hurt, and you're the best man I know who can get it done," Stoick announced.

Gobber extracted himself from the group and limped over to them calmly, as if there were not people shouting incoherent words to no one in particular, and boards swooping above their heads as men hauled them to their destination.

"What is it?" asked Gobber, totally at ease with talking to the Chief.

"I think his shoulder is dislocated. What d'you suggest we do, Gobber?"

"Well put it back in place for a start."

There was no tension between these two, thought Toothless. Gobber's sarcasm, mixed with Stoick complete trust, pointed to the fact that they were best friends.

Gobber moved towards Toothless to get a better look at him. Toothless's eyes twitched, about to narrow, until he realized that he was now friends with the humans. He allowed the man to step forward and place a beefy hand covered in callouses. Toothless waited for Gobber to do something else, but for a moment he just stood there with his hand on the dragon's shoulder.

Then, without warning, Gobber pressed down on his shoulder. Toothless roared and tried to leap away. However, at that moment, he realized Stoick had moved in on the other side of him, blocking out ways of escape. The pressure released, and Toothless let his wings sag to the ground. Gobber stepped back and watched him for a moment, planning the best way to do whatever he was about to do without getting his remaining hand charred to a pile of ashes.

"Alright, we're gonna need to pop it back into place. That fall did you no favors. Okay, right," he said, stepping back to Toothless's side, "This might hurt, just a bit, and don't try to move away, you'll just be in more pain than you are now."

Toothless tried not to wince as Gobber placed his hands back on the Night Fury's withers, with what he obviously suspected to be gentle. Gobber grasped Toothless tightly and twisted his shoulder bone forward, quickly snapping it back into its place. Toothless let out a small puff of smoke in the instant of pain, only lasting for a mere second. It then vanished and Toothless tentatively furled and unfurled his wing and moving it back and forth, testing it. His wing joint was as good as new, as if it had never even happened.

He let out a sigh of relief and looked over to Gobber who was leaning against his double-side axe that was his replacement arm, and reached down to the ground. Gobber looked at him, seemingly satisfied that his first helping of a dragon had worked.

As if a huge wave had washed over him, Toothless suddenly realized how exhausted he was. Not once had he slept on that ride home. Not once had he slept, for nearly four days. All he wanted to do was curl up in a warm patch of sun and sleep for about a week.

Stoick exchanged a few words with Gobber, then stood back and looked at him. Toothless looked around and noticed Hiccup's house in the corner of his eye. Toothless would feel better if he was next to Hiccup. He didn't have anything else to do outside anyway.

Toothless nodded to Gobber thankfully, and started towards the house at the top of the hill. He faintly heard Stoick walk beside him. He reached the building and pushed against the door impatiently. Stoick opened the door. The large homey room had a big fire pit in the center, large enough for Toothless to lie in. There were a few huge armchairs sitting around it. In the corner was a big crate. Toothless

guessed that that was where they stored their food. Lining the walls were old weapons and shields that generations of previous chieftains had used. Along the left side of the room was a narrow wooden staircase that led to the upper levels of the house. In the opposite corner stood a huge dining table.

They walked in cautiously and at first glance they thought the room was empty. Another look told them that Hiccup was lying in an odd position on top of the enormous table. Toothless felt anger start to surge through him. Who would just leave Hiccup on a table? Maybe they couldn't find his nest where he slept? Well that couldn't be too hard, thought Toothless bitterly, there's only this room and a set of steps leading up to the higher floors. If it wasn't in the main entry, then it was upstairs. People, they're made entirely of muscle and idiocy.

Toothless walked over to his human and laid his head on Hiccup's hand. He let out a heavy breath as the moments slipped by. Stoick stood by Hiccup's other side, leaning on the table with both hands planted on the table. What seemed like a second later, they heard feet rushing up the wooden steps to the door. Quiet knocks echoed through the house. Stoick stood up and walked over to the door and pulled it open. There stood Astrid slightly out of breath from the climb up the hill. She stood her ground, just a mere shadow in the presence of the chief.

"We've finished unpacking and everyone is settling in. We've already started to repair the ships. People are still adjusting to having dragons with us, you know. No one needed my help, so I thought I'd-I thought I'd check on...Hiccup...If that's okay with you, sir."

Astrid faltered under the intense gaze Stoick was giving her, before his eyes softened and he stepped back to let her pass. Toothless could see Astrid relax as she stepped in and took in her surroundings.

She noticed Toothless in the corner, then saw Hiccup lying on the table. Anger flickered through her eyes as she strode over.

"Um, why is he on the table?" Astrid asked.

Toothless gave a slight shrug, quite unsure himself.

Stoick replied, "I don't know why they put him there. His room is upstairs. We'll need to keep watch on him, and I haven't got the time to always keep an eye on him, and always have to walk upstairs. It's a waste of time. I'll move his bed down here."

"Okay," said Astrid.

Stoick walked up the stairs, with Astrid right behind him. Toothless decided he better go with them, in case they needed his help. Toothless pushed to his feet and jumped up the stairs. The high level was as big as big as the room below, if not bigger. On Toothless's left were two doors and one on the right. He walked through the door on the right. Inside was a fairly large room. Directly across from the doorway was a very cluttered desk. On the right side was a small cabinet, where Hiccup stored his clothes. Next to it was a small table with a bucket of water on top. Clear on the other side of the

room was Hiccup's bed, directly under a large window, looking out to the forest.

Stoick grasped the front head board of the bed and heaved it off the ground. Astrid stood at the other end of the bed and lifted it up about a foot off the ground. Toothless walked to her side, and clamped his jaws on the side of the bed. Toothless could feel his teeth creating gouge marks in the soft wood as they heaved the bed out of Hiccup's nest. Once they reached the staircase however, they faced a problem.

The bed was wider than the staircase. They set the bed down and looked down the steps.

"Well this shouldn't be hard," said Astrid sarcastically.

They lifted the bed again and attempted to move down the stairs. They had only gone down the first three stairs when the remainder of bed that didn't fit on the staircase tipped and hung off the side. They strained every muscle to keep the bed from falling off the side and landing on their supply of food. Again, they moved slowly down the stairs. They had just barely passed the food storage area when the bed tipped again. It wrenched out of their grasp and fell to the floor with a deafening crash.

Well, that was one way to do it.

****A/N:****

****I'm thirteen and I think middle school drama is stupid.****

****On topic, sorry this chapter is late, my sister was hogging the laptop for her own stories. What did you guys think? Thanks for all the favorites and follows! Please keep doing so until the next update :)****

5. Chapter 5

Darkness surrounded him, making him completely invisible. Toothless blinked his eyes open, letting his eyes go into nocturnal mode. He was lying on the floor (he honestly couldn't remember getting there.) in Hiccup's house. Above him was the bed in which Hiccup currently lay, unconscious. Toothless strained his ears, for any sound for any unusual sound, or any sound at all that could have woken him. All was quiet. Everything seemed perfectly normal, only the faint sounds from the forest reached his ears. Toothless wanted nothing more than to go back to sleep, but he kept his eyes wide open.

If nothing had happened, why had he woken up so suddenly? Toothless looked around again hoping for some indication, but found nothing. Then his eyes landed on the black form of the bed and everything hit him in a rush of tangled mess of thoughts. The dream. Hiccup. Pain. Screams. Hiccup. Darkness. What happened?

Toothless recalled the dream he had just had. Its contents were quickly slipping away like trying to hold water in your bare hands. He remembered darkness. That was the first thing he remembered. Then hypothetical pain came. Watching Hiccup fall, fall into the white hot sea of fire, the monsters within ready to gobble him up mercilessly.

Next, Toothless remembered watching his Hiccup suffer the consequences for his bravery. Toothless could still Hiccup's distant scream, scream, scream of agony as Toothless took off his leg.

The memory next was blurry, confused, but it was when they had been on the ship. Toothless was in Hiccup's room. He hadn't slept for days, but he was sitting stationary next to Hiccup's bed staring blankly down at him. And for a sliver of a moment, Toothless thought he saw Hiccup move. He knew that couldn't have been possible for the next second, Hiccup was still as stone. Toothless stared intently at Hiccup waiting for him to move again. In fact he didn't take his eyes away for nearly a half hour just hoping beyond hope, that Hiccup would show some sign that he was still fighting for life, that he was still trying to get back. Toothless hoped that he would get his best and only friend back soon, as he tore his eyes away from Hiccup's limp body.

Toothless shuddered. He had been getting those nightmares every time he closed his eyes, since the day they got back. They had gotten so terrible that Toothless even avoided sleep, and kept himself well busy during the day.

He sighed. He knew he would never get back to sleep, knowing what lay there for him if he did, so he got up and stretched. Toothless quietly padded over to the large window and nudged it open. Cool air rushed over his face as he took in a huge breath, letting the breeze wash his fear away. Toothless leaped outside, not really knowing where he was going, just letting his feet take him away. Sounds of night creatures scouting around for prey and the trees whispering softly, comforted him as he meandered through the forest. It was only when he was feet away from the earthy pit, did he realized he had taken himself to the Cove. Not altogether surprised, Toothless leaped off the edge and glided down to the bottom and onto a large boulder hanging over the lake.

He let his thoughts overwhelm him for a while, thinking continually of what he would have done, if Hiccup had not been there. Had Hiccup not found him in the forest, he would have starved to death, or been killed by another Viking. Had Hiccup not found him in the Cove and built his trust with Toothless, they would never had become friends. Would never have gotten to where they are now. Had Hiccup not resuscitated Toothless's means of flying, they would not have been able to defeat the Green Death, nothing. Toothless would still be the most feared dragon in Viking history. Hiccup would still be the hated little boy, who constantly messed up.

Toothless stared down at his reflection in the water. What should he do now? There was no turning back. Hiccup had lost a leg. Would they ever be able to fly again? Would anything ever be normal again? Probably not. He looked up at the moon, its rays of light streaming down onto the earth, turning everything to silver. It was so beautiful and full of mysticism. Questions still piled high in his head clouding his thoughts.

Toothless gave a small shake lowered his head to his paws. He just wanted to say how grateful for how lucky things had turned out. Toothless was still getting used to being inhabited with humans, but then, who wasn't? This was a new change for everybody. He could get used to that. Things could have changed though. Hiccup could have died. She might still. No, he couldn't think like that. Hiccup was

fine. The people had brought him home and he was unconscious in his bed. Unconscious, but still alive. Hiccup was not going to die. Toothless refused to even let his thoughts stray anywhere near that subject. He was just grateful, the only things they lost were a leg. They were stuck however, with the memories. No one, Hiccup in particular, would forget that day. The day him and his Hiccup saved everyone!

Now was the time for a new beginning. Toothless would live for a while, being quite a newborn, Stoick would be Chief for as long as he lived. Astrid, well who knows what she'll do. If toothless didn't know any better, he'd say she had taken quite a liking to Hiccup. Toothless was greatly amused when he saw her blush every time she set eyes in Hiccup. She always had a habit of fidgeting with her hands as though unsure where to put them. And also, Toothless kept a close look at her eyes. Because when she looked at Hiccup, her eyes always softened. She looks away and they were immediately set back into a hard glare. Toothless doubted whether anybody else had noticed her soft feelings toward Hiccup.

He looked up. How long had he been sitting there? Pink streaks were beginning to appear in the sky. Toothless stood up from his perch on the rock and jumped off, flapping his wings with great effort. He barely made it over the edge of the Cove, scrabbling his claws to give him some traction. He moved quickly through the forest now, wanting to make it as quick as he could back to Hiccup's house. He hadn't spent so much time away from him since the scene at the Nest.

The village came into view as he leapt over a log, jogging now towards Hiccup's house. Coming up to it, he passed through the same window, landing neatly in the small kitchen of Hiccup and Stoick's home. Trotting over to the bed, he looked down at Hiccup's gaunt face, half covered by blankets. He was unmoving. Toothless considered checking whether he was breathing, but decided against it. Sitting down he continued his silent vigil.

**A/N: **

**Hi guys. I'm super sorry this is late. Like, ultimately late. In my defense, it was sort of a crazy few weeks for me. It was my birthday Saturday! And it was my sister's birthday three days before that. Anyway, I'm now fourteen. Yay! I guess I am now at what most people call a crossroads. I must now...choose sappy life stuff. Kinda. Whatever, not moving out yet. And I went to Rise of The Guardians! It was so amazing! And holy mother of God, I think the whole fandom grew overnight. **

Back to the story. Focus. What did you guys think? It was really boring, I know, just touchy feely stuff. But it's like one in the morning over here, and I'm listening to slow songs that make your brain go fuzzy, I can't do adventure stuff. And I thought this was kinda important to show Toothless's confusion and gratefulness, you know? Next chapter, Toothless goes exploring! Please, please review! It means a lot and it'll force me to update faster no matter how distracted I get!

End
file.